LICKING VALLEY COURIER

Subscription, $1.50 a year - - - - Always in advance.

Entered as second class matter April 7, 1919, at the post-office at West Liberty, Ky., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Courier Publishing Company.....Owners
NOVERMALE & SON.....Publishers
L. T. HOVERMALE.....Editor and Manager
A. YOUNG HOVERMALE.....Local news Editor

Advertising Rates: 25 cents per inch, each insertion. Readers, 7½ cents a line, each insertion. Obituaries, Cards of Thanks, etc. 1 cent a word.

Foreign Advertising Representative.—The American Press Association.

THE NEW NORMAL SCHOOL.

Before this appears in print the delegation from West Liberty will have made its showing before the Commission to decide the location of the normal school. If the Commission decides the location according to the fitness and the best interests of the people for whom the new school is established West Liberty will get it.

From the statistics, prepared by the State Board of Health and the Department of Education, West Liberty has the lowest death rate of any of the contending towns, Morgan county has the greatest percentage of school attendance, based upon the census, save the county of Elliott, of any in the State and the two counties had only a difference of two per cent.

The envoirnment that would surround the school here is the best of any asking for it. Morgan is the only county asking for the school that has a farming population with sufficiently fertile lands to support the school in the way of producing food stuffs and milk and butter.

The county is situated in the center of the section for which the school is intended and West Liberty can be reached by more people of the various mountain counties in less time and at less cost than can any other point asking for the school.

A circle with a radius of 35 miles, with West Liberty as the center, covers practically all the counties in the group for whom the school is intended. A like circle, with the center at any of the other towns, reaches into Ohio and West Virginia and Virginia

In all the towns save Morehead the circle would extend with more than half its area into other states.

There is no good reason why the school should not be located at West Liberty, and there are scores of good reasons why it should not be located at any of the other towns asking for it.

If the Commission is disposed to consider the matter as impartially as a committee of uninterested men, absolutely unacquainted with the situation and free to decide without bias, we will receive the entire eight votes on first ballot in the deliberation of the Commission, and we are relying upon the Commission acting as though they knew nothing of the situation save from the showing made by the contestants. In other words we are expecting a fair trial of our case and know that we will get the school if that is done. The advantages of West Liberty are so glaringly apparent and so decidedly superior to those of any of the other towns asking the school that we are confident that it will belocated here.

PUT SOME "PEP" INTO IT.

The road situation is dragging because there is not enough "pep" being put into it. Whatever is to be done should be done at once and the practice of putting it off should be abandoned. A little ginger put into the work of getings things under way would cause things to move rapidly. The road spirit in the county is fine, and all the people want is to have a leadership that is aggressive and progressive. The people want roads and want them now, and they are growing restive under the delay that is wholly unnecessary. The State is under contract to build the road from Index to the Menefee county line. There is need of keeping after the road Commission and insisting that it comply with its contract. Let the guarantee it requires to be made at once and let work be begun. After awhile it will be too late to begin work this season and another year will have been lost.

We need an aggressive and firm policy in regard to our roads and when this is adopted the people will rally to the support of it and we will have good roads.

Put some "pep" in the work.

THE COUNTY FARM AGENT.

The showing that County Farm Agent, R. B. Rankin, made before the Fiscal Court was a revelation even to those who had been in a measure following his work. It shows that a great interest is being awakened in the farmers in regard to better methods of farming, and, best of all, it showed a very wide interest being manifested by the boys—the future farmers—in Club Work. Every farmer in the county should seek the aid of Mr. Rankin and receive the benefits of his work. He is glad to extend the work to all who will receive it, and his work has brought great improvement to the county. This has taken time, it is true. Mr. Bowles started the interest and Mr. Rankin has followed it up, and now there is scarcely a farmer in the county who does not want the work continued.

If you have not consulted the farm agent in your troubles do so. He will appreciate the opportunity to help you.

Automatic violins are the latest thing in musical instruments. By a keyboard similar to a piano one man man can play as many violins as he chooses at once. Anyway, they may make the violin playbing mechanical, but the old fashioned fiddle will always bewith us, played by fiddlers who can wield the bow. No highbrow stuff, just music and melodies.

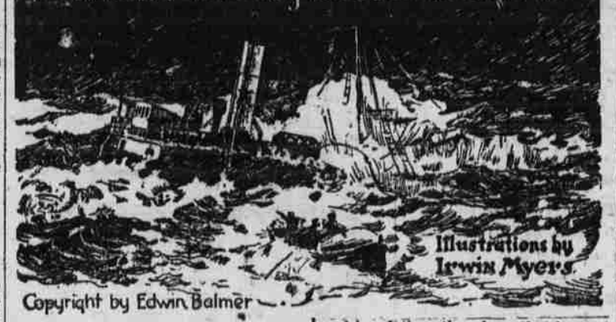
If the "keynote" speech of the Republicans in Indiana is a criterion to judge by, we may expect that the Republicans will enter a plea of "confession and avoidance." An admission that they have done nothing and an attempt to explain why they have not.

Good roads are the result of a desire for them. No community will get them until it reaches that point where it is willing to pay for them. But even at that it is the best investment that can be made.

One of the campaign issues of this fall will be the Newberry scandal, and it is one that the Republicans would like to avoid.

The INDIAN DRUM

by William MacHarg and Edwin Balmer



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SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I.—Wealthy and highly placed in the Chicago business world, Benjamin Corvet is something of a recluse and a mystery to his associates. After a stormy interview with his partner, Henry Spearman, Corvet seeks Constance Sherrill, daughter of his other business partner, Lawrence Sherrill, and secures from her a promise not to marry Spearman. He then disappears. Sherrill learns Corvet has written to a certain Alan Conrad, in Blue Rapids, Kansas, and exhibited strange agitation over the matter.

CHAPTER II.—Corvet's letter summons Conrad, a youth of unknown parentage, to Chicago.

CHAPTER III.—From a statement of Sherrill it seems probable Conrad is Corvet's illegitimate son. Corvet has deeded his house and its contents to Alan.

CHAPTER IV.—Alan takes possession of his new home.

CHAPTER V.—That night Alan discovers a man ransacking the desks and bureau drawers in Corvet's apartments. The appearance of Alan tremendously agitates the intruder, who appears to think him a ghost and raves of "the Miwaka." After a struggle the man escapes.

CHAPTER VI.—Next day Alan learns from Sherrill that Corvet has deeded his entire property to him. Introduced to Spearman, Alan is astounded at the discovery that he is the man whom he had found in his house the night before.

CHAPTER VII.—Alan tells no one of his strange encounter, but in a private interview taxes Spearman with the fact. Spearman laughs at and defies him.

CHAPTER VIII.—Corvet's Indian servant, Wassaquam, tells Alan he believes his employer is dead. He also tells him the legend of the Indian Drum, which according to old superstition beats once for every life lost on the Great Lakes. Twenty years before, the great freighter Miwaka had gone down, with twenty-five on board, but the Drum had sounded for only twenty-four, leaving the inference that one person had been saved, since it was general belief that the drum never erred. Pursuing a stranger who had made a disturbance at his house, Alan is slugged and rendered unconscious.

CHAPTER IX.—Conrad recovers, and the affair remains a mystery.

CHAPTER X.—Alan learns from Wassaquam that it was Corvet's habit to keep the sum of $1,500 in the house, apparently to meet the demands of a certain "Luke," who appeared periodically. In the absence of Wassaquam, "Luke" comes to the house demanding to see Corvet. He is evidently in a dying condition, due to alcohol and exposure. Conrad tries without avail to get him to explain his connection with Corvet. The man dies. Wassaquam gives Conrad a paper on which is a list of names.

CHAPTER XI.—From the document Alan thinks he may have a clue to the mystery surrounding Corvet's life and disappearance. He leaves Chicago to visit Lake Michigan ports in search of the persons whose names were on the list.

CHAPTER XII.—Constance receives a package wrapped in a muffler which she recognizes Corvet was wearing on the day he went away. It contains a few coins, a watch, and woman's wedding ring. She believes them to have been the property of Corvet, and accepts them as a proof of his death. Spearman urges Constance to marry him. She consents, but refuses his demand for an immediate ceremony.

CHAPTER XIII.—Inquiries show that the watch in the package had been the property of a Captain Stafford, commander of the Miwaka, who had gone down with his ship.

CHAPTER XIV.—Working on a lake freighter, Alan becomes acquainted with an elderly man known as "Jim Burr," who seems to be possessed of information which Alan believes would only be known to Corvet.

CHAPTER XV.—Alan secures a position on the freighter of which "Burr" is wheelsman. He is satisfied he has found the man he believes to be his father. "Burr," at the wheel of the freighter, apparently in dementia, refuses to obey orders to change the vessel's course, and the ship collides with a derelict. In almost sinking condition they attempt to reach port. The loaded freight cars which the vessel is carrying break loose.

CHAPTER XVI.—Corvet recovers his reason and leads in the work of throwing the cars overboard. He and Alan are pinned under the debris. Alan discloses his identity. Corvet tells him Spearman had killed his father. Alan is rescued, but it is impossible to save Corvet. A priest, passenger on the boat, is summoned, and Alan leaves them in conversation.

CHAPTER XVII.—The news of the loss of the freighter reaches Chicago. Spearman, fearing that Conrad had found Corvet, seems, to Constance's amazement, actually to rejoice at the sinking.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Watch Upon the Beach.

Constance was throbbing with determination and action, as she found her purse and counted the money in it. She never in her life had gone alone upon an extended journey, much less been alone upon a train overnight. If she spoke of such a thing now, she would be prevented; no occasion for it would be recognized; she would not be allowed to go, even if "properly accompanied." She could not, therefore, risk taking a handbag from the house; so she thrust nightdress and toilet articles into her muff and the roomy pocket of her fur coat. She descended to the side door of the house, gained the street and turned westward at the first corner to a street car which would take her to the railway station.

The manner of buying a railway ticket and of engaging a berth were unknown to her—there had been servants always to do these things—but she watched others and did as they did. She procured a telegraph blank and wrote a message to her mother, telling her that she had gone north to join her father. When the train had started, she gave the message to the porter, directing him to send it from the first large town at which they stopped.

Constance could not, as yet, place Henry's part in the strange circumstances which had begun to reveal themselves with Alan's coming to Chicago; but Henry's hope that Uncle Benny and Alan were dead was beginning to make that clearer. She lay without voluntary movement in her berth, but her bosom was shaking with the thoughts which came to her.

Twenty years before, some dreadful event had altered Uncle Benny's life; his wife had known—or had learned—enough of that event so that she had left him. It had seemed to Constance and her father, therefore, that it must have been some intimate and private event.

Uncle Benny had withdrawn himself from men; he had ceased to be active in his business and delegated it to others. This change had been strangely advantageous to Henry. Henry had been hardly more than a common seaman then. He had been a mate—the mate on one of Uncle Benny's ships. Quite suddenly he had become Uncle Benny's partner. Henry had explained this to her by saying that Uncle Benny had not trusted Henry; he had been suspicious of him; he had quarreled with him. How strange, then, that Uncle Benny should have advanced and given way to a man whom he could not trust!

Uncle Benny had come to her and warned her not to marry Henry; then he had sent for Alan. There had been purpose in these acts of Uncle Benny's; had they meant that Uncle Benny had been on the verge of making explanation—that explanation which Henry feared—and that he had been—prevented? Her father had thought this; at least, he had thought that Uncle Benny must have left some explanation in his house. He had told Alan that, and had given Alan the key to the house so that he could find it. Alan had gone to the house—

In the house Alan had found someone who had mistaken him for a ghost, a man who had cried out at sight of him something about a ship—about the Miwaka, the ship of whose loss no one had known anything except by the soundings of the Drum. What had the man been doing in the house? Had he too been looking for the explanation—the explanation that Henry feared? Alan had described the man to her; that description had not had meaning for her before; but now remembering that description she could think of Henry as the only one who could have been in that house! Henry had fought with Alan there! Afterwards, when Alan had been attacked upon the street, had Henry anything to do with that?

Henry had lied to her about being in Duluth the night he had fought with Alan; he had not told her the true cause of his quarrels with Uncle Benny; he had wished her to believe that Uncle Benny was dead when the wedding ring and watch came to her—the watch which had been Captain Stafford's of the Miwaka! Henry had urged her to marry him at once. Was that because he wished the security that her father—and she—must give her husband when they learned the revelation which Alan or Uncle Benny might bring?

At Petoskey she went from the train directly to the telegraph office. If Henry was in Petoskey, they would know at that office where he could be found; he would be keeping in touch with them.

Mr. Spearman, the operator said, had been at the office early in the day; there had been no message for him; he had left instructions that any which came were to be forwarded to him through the men who, under his direction, were patrolling the shore for twenty miles north of Little Traverse, watching for boats.

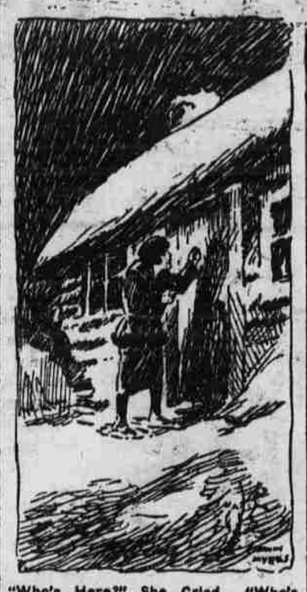
Constance crossed the frozen edges of the bay by sledge to Harbor Point. Her distrust now had deepened to terrible dread. She had not been able before this to form any definite idea of how Henry could threaten Alan and Uncle Benny; she had imagined only vague interference and obstruction of the search for them; she had not foreseen that he could so readily assume charge of the search and direct, or misdirect, it.

At the Point she discharged the sledge and went on foot to the house of the caretaker who had charge of the Sherrill cottage during the winter. Getting the keys from him, she let herself into the house. Going to her room, she unpacked a heavy sweater and woolen cap and short fur coat—winter things which were left there against use when they opened the house sometimes out of season—and put them on. Then she went down and found her snowshoes. Stopping at the telephone, she called long distance and asked them to locate Mr. Sherrill, if possible, and instruct him to move south along the shore with whatever he had with him. She went out then, and fastened on her snowshoes.

Constance hurried westward and then north, following the bend of the shore. The figure of a man—one of the shore patrols—pacing the ice hummocks of the beach and staring out upon the lake, appeared vaguely in the dusk when she had gone about two miles. She came, three quarters of a mile farther on, to a second man; about an equal distance beyond she found a third, but passed him and went on.

Her legs ached now with the unaccustomed travel upon snowshoes; the cold, which had been only a piercing chill at first, was stopping feeling, almost stopping thought. She was horrified to find that she was growing weak and that her senses were becoming confused. She had come, in all, perhaps eight miles; and she was "playing out." She descended to the beach again and went on; her gaze continued to search the lake, but now, wherever there was a break in the bluffs, she looked toward the shore as well. At the third of these breaks, the yellow glow of a window appeared, marking a house in a hollow, between snow-shrouded hills. She turned eagerly that way; she could go only very slowly now. There was no path; at least, if there was, the snow drifts hid it.

She struggled to the door and



"Who's Here?" She Cried. "Who's Here?"

knocked upon it, and receiving no reply, she beat upon it with both fists.

"Who's here?" she cried. "Who's here?"

The door opened then a very little, and the frightened face of an Indian woman appeared in the crack. The woman evidently had expected—and feared—some arrival, and was reassured when she saw only a girl. She threw the door wider open, and bent to help unfasten Constance's snowshoes; having done that, she led her in and closed the door.

"Where is your man?" Constance had caught the woman's arm.

"They sent him to the beach. A ship has sunk."

"Are there houses near here? You must run to one of them at once. Bring whoever you can get; or if you won't do that, tell me where to go."

The woman stared at her coldly and moved away. "None near," she said. "Besides, you could not get somebody before some one will come."

"Who is that?"

"He is on the beach—Henry Spearman. He comes here to warm himself. It is nearly time he comes again."

Constance gazed at her; the woman was plainly glad of her coming. Her relief—relief from that fear she had been feeling when she opened the door—was very evident. It was Henry, then, who had frightened her.

The Indian woman set a chair for her beside the stove, and put water in a pan to heat; she shook tea leaves from a box into a bowl and brought a cup.

"How many on that ship?"

"Altogether there were thirty-nine," Constance replied.

"Seven are living then."

"Seven? What have you heard? What makes you think so?"

"That is what the Drum says."

The Drum! There was a Drum then! At least there was some sound which people heard and which they called the Drum. For the woman had heard it.

Constance grew suddenly cold. For twenty lives, the woman said, the Drum had beat; that meant to her, and to Constance too now, that seven were left. Indefinite, desperate denial that all from the ferry must be dead—that denial which had been strengthened by the news that at least one boat had been adrift near Beaver—altered in Constance to conviction of a boat with seven men from the ferry, seven dying, perhaps, but not yet dead. Seven out of twenty-seven; The score were gone; the Drum had beat for them in little groups as they died. When the Drum beat again, would it beat beyond the score?

Having finished the tea, Constance returned to the door and reopened it; the sounds outside were the same. A solitary figure appeared moving along the edge of the ice—the figure of a tall man, walking on snowshoes; moonlight distorted the figure, and it was muffled, too, in a great coat which made it unrecognizable. He halted and stood looking out at the lake and then, with a sudden movement, strode on; he halted again, and now Constance got the knowledge that he was not looking; he was listening as she was.

"Is the Drum sounding now?" she asked the woman.

"No."

Constance gazed again at the man and found his motion quite unmistakable; he was counting—if not counting something that he heard, or thought he heard, he was recounting and reviewing within himself something that he had heard before—some irregular rhythm which had become so much a part of him that it sounded now continually within his own brain; so that, instinctively, he moved in cadence to it. He stepped forward again now, and turned toward the house.

Her breath caught as she spoke to the woman. "Mr. Spearman is coming here now!"

Her impulse was to remain where she was, lest he should think she was afraid of him; but realization came to her that there might be advantage in seeing him before he knew that she was there, so she reclosed the door and drew back into the cabin.

CHAPTER XIX

The Sounding of the Drum.

Noises of the wind and the roaring of the lake made inaudible any sound of his approach to the cabin; she heard his snowshoes, however, scrape the cabin wall as, after taking them off, he leaned them beside the door. He thrust the door open then and came in; he did not see her at first and, as he turned to force the door shut again against the wind she watched him quietly.

He saw her now and started and, as though sight of her confused him, he looked from the woman and then back to Constance before he seemed certain of her.

"Hello!" he said tentatively. "Hel-

(Continued on page 3.)

Ohio & Kentucky Railway

EFFECTIVE

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1920

SOUTH BOUND			NORTH BOUND			
19 Daily	17 Daily Ex Sun.		16 Daily Ex Sun.	18 Daily Ex Sun.	14 Sunday Only	20 Daily
P M Ar	A M Ar		A M Lv	A M Lv	P M Lv	P M Lv
1:35	7:00	....Lieking River....	6:50	1:20	1:20	
1:35	7:11	.... Index	6:40	1:10	1:10	
1:51	7:19	... Malone	6:32	1:02	1:02	
1:55	7:23	.... Wells	6:28	12:58	12:58	
2:10	7:35	... Caney	6:15	12:45	12:45	
2:15	7:40	.... Cannel City	6:10	12:20	12:20	6:10
2:35	8:00	.... Helechawa		12:03		5:54
2:41	8:06	... Lee City		11:57		5:45
3:00	8:34	... Wilhurst		11:29		5:20
3:15	8:40	... Vancleve		11:23		5:14
3:35	9:00	..O. & K. Junction..		11:00		4:50
P. M. Lv	A. M. Lv		A. W. Ar	P. M. Ar	P. M. Ar	P. M. Ar

Note that North-bound train No. 14 is Sunday only; Nos. 16 and 18 Daily Except Sunday; No. 20 Daily. South-bound No. 17 is Daily except Sunday and No. 19 Daily.